

Fairy Tale

PARADE

A DELL
10¢
MAGAZINE

No. 114



**WEBCOMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



*I found a secret in the woods,
Just where I'll never tell—*



*It's a tiny fairy circus
In a shady woodland dell.
Fairies swing from filmy cobwebs,
Ride on tiny woodland things,*



*And do tricks in teeny sizes
In their fatry circus rings.*



The Sleeping GIANT



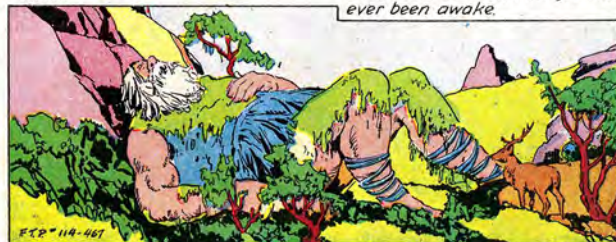
Once upon a time, about a thousand years ago, there was a country called the land of the Sleepy Giant.



It was given this name because of a great big giant who lay stretched out sleeping in the middle of the land.



He had been sleeping there for many hundreds of years. Nobody could remember that the giant had ever been awake.



The giant was covered with moss. Bushes and trees had grown on the earth which had blown over his body in all these years.



Near where the giant lay, there stood the castle of the ruler of the Land of the Sleeping Giant.



Beautiful young Giralda was queen of the land. But her beauty was cold and forbidding.



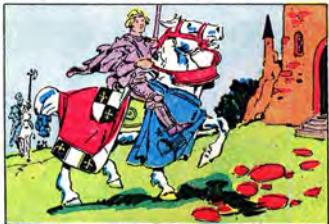
She never smiled or showed any affection for anyone. When her father and mother had died suddenly when she was still a child, her heart had turned to ice.



Nobody had ever been able to melt her icy heart. Doctors had tried but they had been helpless.



Jesters from all over the world had tried to bring a smile to her face, but they had failed also.



After she had become of age, young princes from every country had tried to win her heart. They, too, were unsuccessful.



The young knights serenaded her, singing beautiful love songs under her window.



But Queen Giralda had her guards chase them away, one by one



Some lost their lives fighting the guards. But even the death of these handsome young knights left her heart untouched.



Slowly the arrival of suitors became fewer and fewer.



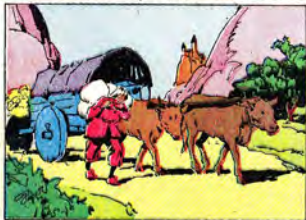
But Queen Giralda did not care. She went about the castle gardens cold and untouched by all the beauty around her.



One day a rumbling noise shook the land around the castle. The people ran out into the open, fear-stricken.



They thought it was an earthquake. Houses trembled, cracked chimneys fell, and windows broke.



People loaded carts with their belongings and made for the open fields.



The rumbling sounds became louder. But it was not an earthquake, it was the giant. He had awakened.

There he sat, on his haunches, rubbing his sleepy eyes. Trees and tons of earth were falling off him in landslides.





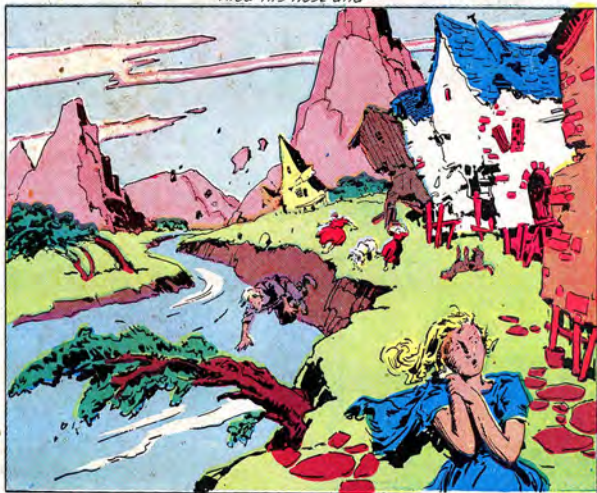
The giant looked around and grinned. My, it was pretty here!



The sun got into his eyes, which were not used to so much brightness. Dust got into his nose. He shut his eyes, wrinkled his nose and —



KERCHOO!
He sneezed.



His sneeze shook the countryside like a storm. Trees bent, people were blown into the air, and houses toppled over.



The giant got onto his feet. He was a bit wobbly at first, as he hadn't stood on his feet for hundreds of years.



He stretched his arms and let out a yawn which almost deafened everybody for miles around.



The little people running hither and yon amused the sleepy giant, for he was still sleepy.



He bent down and picked up a horse and wagon.



What a pretty toy!



He chuckled as he set them down again, watching the terror-stricken farmer race his wagon, helter skelter through the fields, over hedges and ditches.

Then the giant saw the castle. It was deserted by all the guards, the maids and cooks and kitchenboys.



Curiously, he lifted the roof off, just as if it were the lid of a coffee pot.



He peeped inside and beheld Queen Giralda!



He squeezed in his huge hand and lifted the frightened young queen out of the broken castle.



For the first time beautiful Giralda was showing a sign of emotion. She was frightened! Beneath the hard cover of ice, her heart was pounding!



The giant held Giralda up to his face and smiled at her.



But the young queen was too frightened to see the giant's smile.



The queen's guards, who were hiding in the woods, did not dare to come to her rescue.



The giant sat down on the spot where he had slept. His eyes felt heavy.



He yawned, "Ho, hum, another few hundred years of sleep won't do me any harm," he mumbled.



Holding on to his captive, his hand closed around her so that only her head showed, he began to settle down for another long rest.

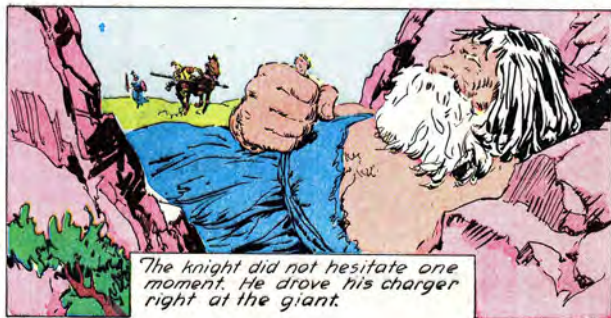


Giralda was not frightened anymore. Strangely, she felt something moving in her chest. It was her heart. She felt it moving as she looked into the giant's kind face.



It was at this very moment that a young knight appeared, who had come, as others before him, to win the hand of the queen.

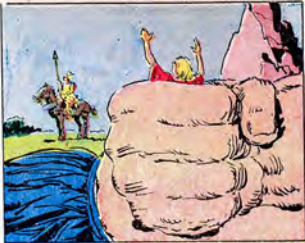
The queen's guards had told him what had happened, and one guard, braver than the others, led him to the giant.



The knight did not hesitate one moment. He drove his charger right at the giant.



His horse leaped on the chest of the giant, but the giant did not feel anything, for he had fallen sound asleep.



Giralda looked at the knight and again she felt her heart moving. "How handsome he looks," she thought.

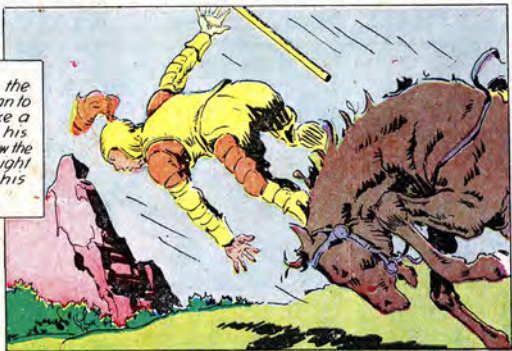


"Oh, Queen," said the knight, "I shall slay this monster and free you!"



"Please do not harm him," pleaded Giralda, "He is kind and harmless."

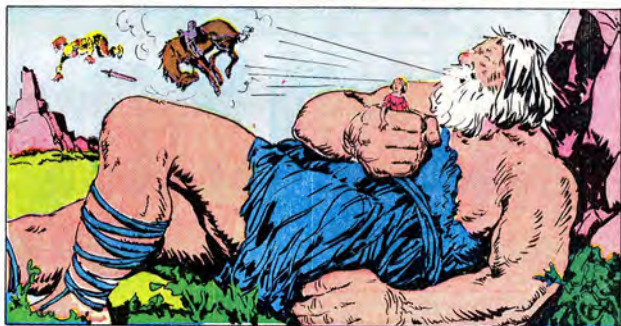
Just then the giant began to snore. Like a whirlwind his breath blew the young knight right off his horse.



Horse and rider tumbled topsy-turvy off the giant's chest.



The young knight lost his sword and helmet as he tumbled along.



For the first time in her life Giralda laughed.

She climbed out of the giant's hand and laughed and laughed and laughed. The last bit of ice around her heart melted away like snow in the sun!

Suddenly the whirlwind of the snoring giant's breath took hold of her and sent her tumbling after the young knight.



He was just getting up when Giralda tumbled into him and knocked him over once more.



This seemed so funny to Giralda, she burst into laughter again.



The young knight could not help but join her.



The two, laughing merrily, looked deep into each other's eyes.



The knight must have read something in Giralda's eyes. He drew her gently into his arms and kissed her.



The giant opened one eye and looked at them. He had been pretending. He had not really been asleep.



He pursed his lips and blew just hard enough.



Giralda and the young knight went a-tumbling once more.

"Now I must really go to sleep," muttered the giant happily. "This thing of being awake is awfully tiring."





Great was the joy of the people when they saw their young queen laughing and happy



Quickly everyone returned to his home and began preparing for the wedding of their queen and the young knight



The festival lasted seven days. Everyone was merry and happy



But nobody was as happy as young Queen Giralda. It was all so new—this feeling of warmth and happiness for one who had been so cold with a heart of ice for such a long time.

Leonora the Beautiful

In a faraway kingdom there lived a prosperous merchant and his wife and a daughter named Leonora the Beautiful.



One day his wife fell ill. Knowing death was at hand, she summoned Leonora to her bedside and gave her a doll.



"She's a magic doll. When you're in trouble feed her and she will help you."



After a long period of mourning the loss of his wife, the merchant met a handsome widow, with two daughters slightly older than Leonora. "She will make a fine mother for Leonora," he thought.



The widow's charm, however, had not been passed on to her two slatternly daughters.



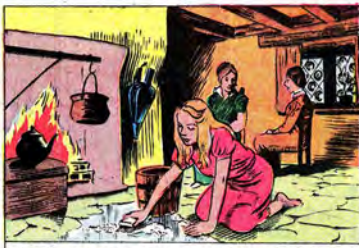
Not long after the marriage, the father was compelled to take a journey for reasons of trade.



The sisters were jealous of the affection Leonora's father bore her—and even more of her ever-increasing beauty.



They lost little time planning their spite.



They forced her to do all the rough household tasks—racking their brains for ways to destroy her beauty. However, they always remained idle, like ladies.



At night, in the privacy of her garret room, she fed the doll what table scraps she would have had for her own supper, and begged for help.



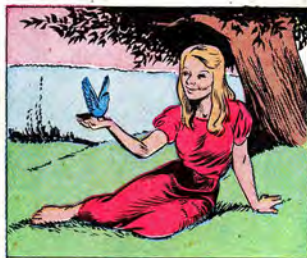
"Fear not," reassured the doll, "while they sleep I shall aid you."



The doll chopped wood, scrubbed, washed...



...milked the cow, and performed all the other difficult tasks.



While Leonora took her ease in the shade...



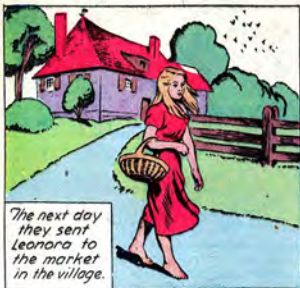
One day, while the older sister was engaged in her most strenuous work—sitting—the younger one rushed in—"Sister, sister, Leonora is being helped by a witch!"



There, below in the garden, they saw the doll pulling weeds.



"No wonder Leonora remains beautiful! We shall soon remedy that!" they conspired.



The next day they sent Leonora to the market in the village.



Hardly had she left the house when the older sister flew into the garret bedroom and snatched up the doll.



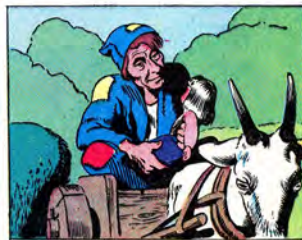
In vain they tried to bring the doll to life, succeeding only in losing their tempers.



In desperation they beat the doll, but still no results.



To a beggar asking alms, the stingy sisters replied, "Take this doll to the old witch in the woods. She will pay you well."



As he wandered through the woods, the old beggar mused to himself, "If the witch desires this doll, it must be magic."



"Perhaps the witch will help me in return for the doll."



"Ho, ho, I know of this magic doll! I shall pay you well, beggar."



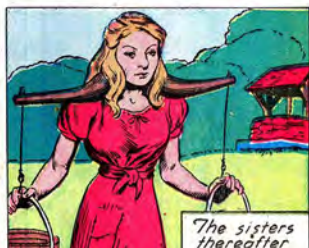
"The old hag greedily seized the magic doll."



"Once she had the doll, however, the witch belabored the beggar with her cudgel, driving him away."



"When Leonora returned, she soon discovered the loss of her doll and wept bitterly."



"The sisters thereafter gave her no rest and little sleep."



Finally, she could bear it no longer. She stole out of the house one night to seek the witch.



Wandering through the forest she met the beggar.



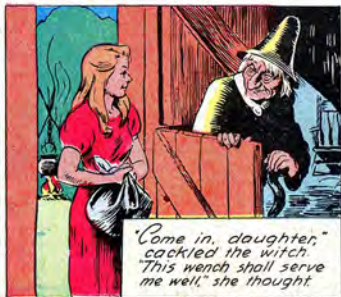
His sorry condition touched her deeply. At a nearby stream she washed and bound his wounds with strips from her petticoat, telling him the story of the doll. Secretly he vowed to help her recover it.



"That cottage must belong to the witch," thought Leonora. "Perhaps she'll return my doll."



"I am lost and hungry. Pray give me food and a night's shelter."



"Come in, daughter," cackled the witch. "This wench shall serve me well," she thought.



The beggar, struck by the girl's beauty, and knowing the evil powers of the witch, hid in the bushes behind the house.



As Leonora finished her bowl of gruel, she happened to glance up.



There, amidst the witch's crocks and vials, sat the doll.



That's my magic doll—my mother's last gift to me. Please, please let me have it back.



"Oh, ho, so she's yours! Tell me the secret of the doll or evil shall be your lot,"



*"I am Gruscha, the witch!"
Despite the witch's cruelty, Leonora proudly kept her secret.*



Once, when the witch had gone outside to tend a brewing cauldron, Leonora tried to seize the doll.



But the witch returned as Leonora was about to grasp it. "Aha, you shall die—into the cistern with you!"



The beggar, hearing Leonora's screams, turned to the rescue.



The witch proved almost too strong for the beggar, but—



at that moment the old hag fell against the cauldron, and the boiling contents spilled all over her.



A moment later, what was once a witch became a rat and scurried off into the underbrush.



"How can I ever thank you, kind beggar?" and she kissed him.



"We will live here and I shall care for you for the remainder of your days, with my doll's help, old man."



With that she arose and went in to get some food for the doll.



The only food in sight was the gruel she was to have for her own evening meal. But the doll swallowed it eagerly.



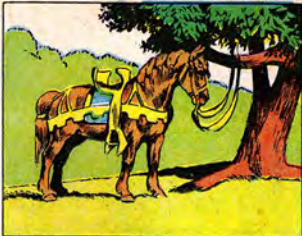
"Now, bring the beggar in to me," said the doll.



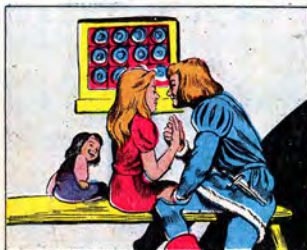
"Kneel, beggar. For your noble conduct you shall once more become your former self."



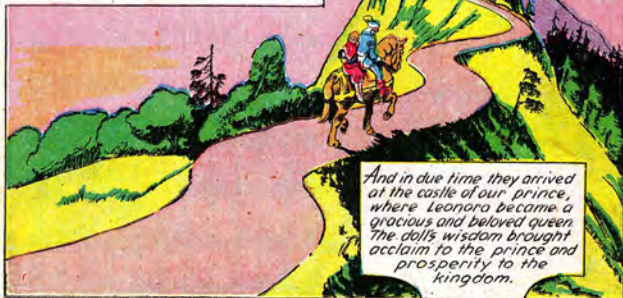
Leonora was overwhelmed at what she saw. The beggar was now a prince.



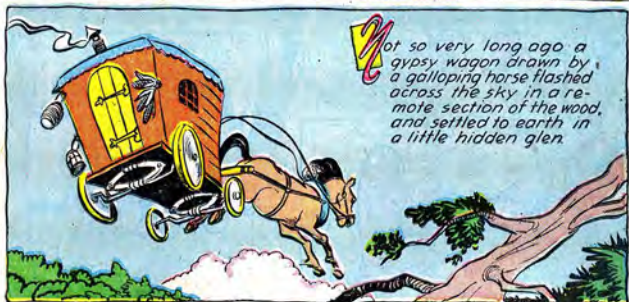
Outside stood a stallion of noble proportions, with trappings fit for a prince.



"Lovely Leonora, from the moment I set eyes on you I have loved you. No one but you shall be my queen."



And in due time they arrived at the castle of our prince, where Leonora became a gracious and beloved queen. The doll's wisdom brought acclaim to the prince and prosperity to the kingdom.



The creatures were wandering goblins and they decided to make the glen their home.

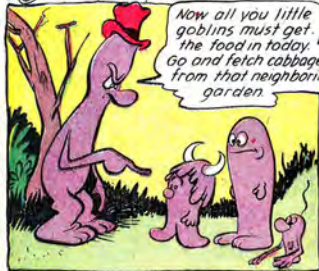
The first thing that must be understood about goblins is that they are not very frightening



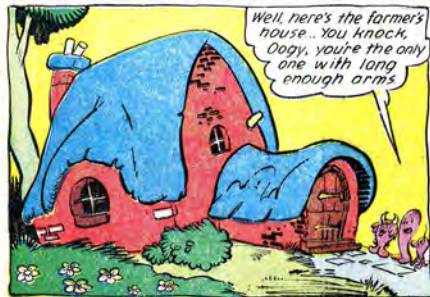
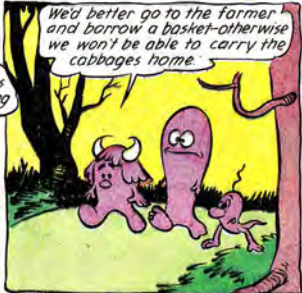
They would like to be, however, and for this reason goblins change their shapes and appearances, often trying to be real, real scary.

One day the oldest goblin said:

Now all you little goblins must get the food in today. Go and fetch cabbages from that neighboring garden.



We'd better go to the farmer and borrow a basket—otherwise we won't be able to carry the cabbages home.



Well, here's the farmer's house... You knock, Oogy, you're the only one with long enough arms

Who could that be? Nobody lives in this part of the woods but me







Aha— someone is concealed under a cabbage leaf!



How did you get under that cabbage leaf?

Yes! How! I've a good mind to cook you!

Oh— don't—



I didn't mean any harm— I've always been under that cabbage leaf.



Do you think I was born yesterday?!

I don't know, but I was— I was born yesterday afternoon.



Goodie! He's a fairy prince! All fairy princes are born under cabbage leaves.



Stuff and nonsense! I don't believe in fairies.

You don't? Then what are you?

We're goblins!

Maybe he's a goblin prince.



Maybe I am a goblin prince— or at least a goblin. I don't know— nobody ever told me!

Look! Someone is coming! And in haste!

Help, help, help—the gnomes have captured the fairy queen.



How does that concern us? We're goblins!

But, you must help us... See, there's a fairy prince amongst you.

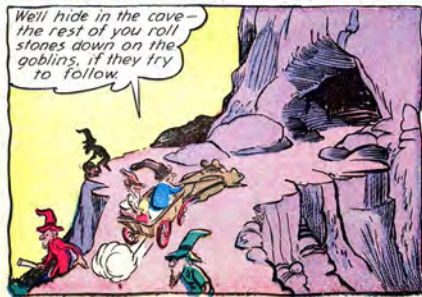
Come! Let's save the fairy queen—perhaps I am a fairy prince after all—let's help the fairies.

Aye—we will! The gnomes are our sworn enemies!



Forward to the rescue of the fairy queen!





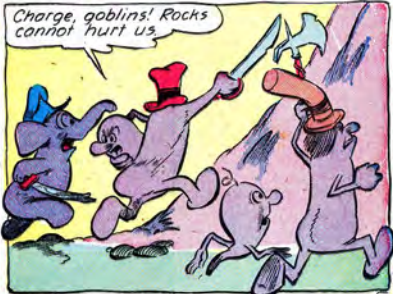
Here goes—right into them!
It'll knock 'em like tenpins!



Beware,—they roll
rocks down upon us!



Charge, goblins! Rocks
cannot hurt us.

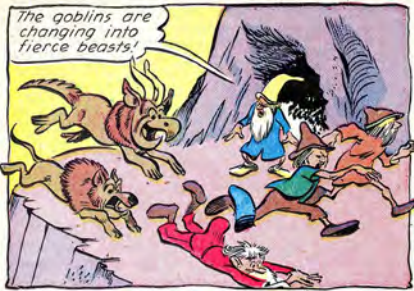


Die, you goblin!
Die!



By the witch's beard, this
goblin has turned into a
rug—before my eyes!





The goblins are changing into fierce beasts!



Help, help - We'll never learn the secret of the fairies' gold now!



Hurray! The fairy queen is saved!

The wicked gnomes have been driven off!



The queen is unharmed!

You've saved my life!



Long live the goblins! And the fairy prince!

Long live the fairy queen!

The Sorcerer's Apprentice

During the Middle Ages near an ancient village and atop a high hill stood a tiny old castle.

Inside its walls all was grim, for the knight who owned it was leaving to join the crusades.



Later the servants refused to stay at the castle and ran away leaving only a faithful old man to care for the boy...



The heavy chains that drew up the drawbridge were neglected...



The bright turrets and gleaming roof tops soon lost their sparkle...



Gill at last, after many years had passed and the knight did not return, it became overgrown with crawling vines and thick moss and slowly fell into decay.



Tell me, Thomas, what does this sign say?

Would that I only knew! I can neither read nor write nor teach you!

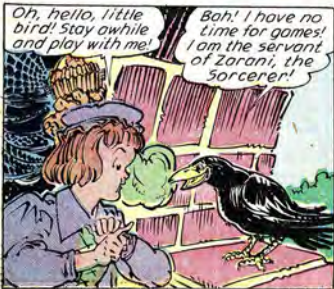


Oh, how lonely I am with nothing to do! If only I had a playmate!



Oh, hello, little bird! Stay awhile and play with me!

Boh! I have no time for games! I am the servant of Zarani, the sorcerer!



You can talk! How wonderful!

Stop cackling, boy! Let me look around.





Caw, caw! Nice and gloomy... Cobwebs, moss, dust—why, it's beautiful!



Just what my master likes. Yes, I think this will make us a fine home.

B-B-But this is MY castle! I am the master here.



Zarani the Great will take care of that, my boy.

I think you're just a silly crow... But I do wish you would stay.



Don't go yet, crow. It's fun to hear you talk, even if it makes no sense.

I'll be back, boy. I'll show you who is silly!



Not far away, down a winding, twisting road, came the sorcerer Zarani, followed by a strange caravan.





Clumsy fools! Sweep these halls, I said! Not throw clouds of dust at the great Zarani-brainless creatures!



A sorcerer! He will bewitch me! What am I going to do?



Jump off the tower, old man-caw,caw-or how about drowning yourself in the moat?

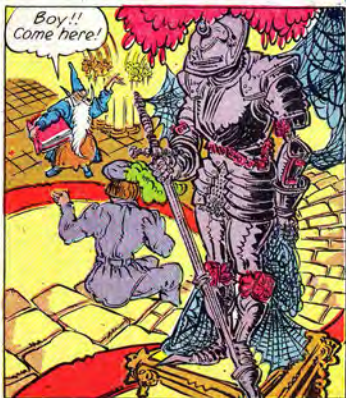


I am a coward! I have left young Sir Gerald at the mercy of the sorcerer!



You should have seen that old man run down the mountain, master. 'Twas a funny sight!

Quiet, Macbeth! I am studying my formulas. Sometimes I wish I could make you read!



Boy!! Come here!



Ho, ho, ho—look at the dancing brooms! This is fun! I've never had such a good time!



Hey, you broom, you tripped me on purpose! I wanted to dance with you!



Bah, brainless numbskull, get out of my sight before I have the brooms sweep you out of my castle!



Brainless? What do you ~~by jove, he's mean—YOUR GOT brains~~ castle? I .. of am the master here!



I'm tired of my brainless servants—yes, that's it! I shall make you my apprentice! Can you read, boy?



Nobody ever taught me—what's an apprentice? You'll learn how to read after you have done your daily work.

For many weeks little Gerald had to work very hard—cleaning, scrubbing, doing chores all day long, with Macbeth forever watching.



Ooh! It slipped out of my hand!

You did it on purpose! I saw it! I'LL TELL THE MASTER!



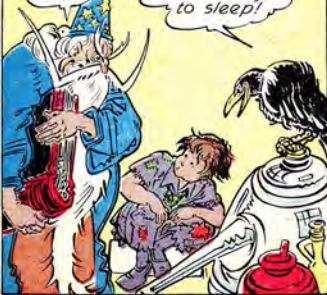
You ol' tattletale. I'm sick of you!

Master! Master! He's hitting me!



Well, well, insubordination! I shall teach you a lesson, boy!

Punish him! And master, last night he didn't do his spelling lesson. He went right to sleep!



Stick, stick, upon the wall, Come to life—bide my call. Beat this boy and thrash him well; Do not stop until I tell!

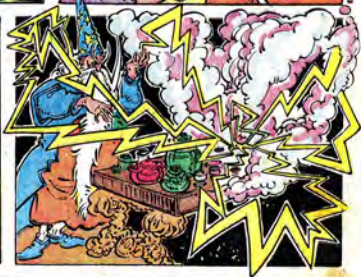


Oh, Zarani, make him stop, please! I didn't do anything, really I didn't!

Stick, stick, hear my call.
Back you go upon the wall!
Be a simple stick once more,
Lifeless, wooden, as before!



Abra-da-cadabra-tani!
Ozoco-daba-Zarani!



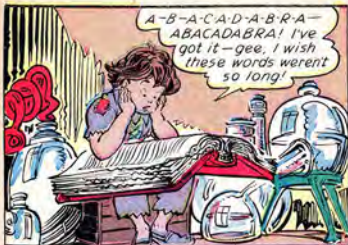
The food was delicious!
Here, boy, a bone for you.
Zarani can be generous!

Far too generous, master!
There is some meat left on your bone.

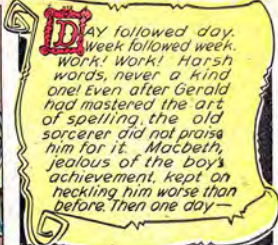


Now that you've had your feast, boy, go and study your reading lesson.





A-B-A-C-A-D-A-B-R-A-
ABACADABRA! I've
got it—gee, I wish
these words weren't
so long!



DAY followed day,
week followed week.
Work! Work! Harsh
words, never a kind
one! Even after Gerald
had mastered the art
of spelling, the old
sorcerer did not praise
him for it. Macbeth,
jealous of the boy's
achievement, kept on
heckling him worse than
before. Then one day—



I have to leave the castle
for a week. Here, boy, are
your orders and the formulas.
If you have not finished
when I return, I shall
skin you alive!

I'll watch
the brat,
master.



I must hurry—come
carpet, the moon is
almost full.



Carpet! Carpet! On which I stand,
carry me to the faraway land
where sorcerers and witches wait
for their master, ZARANI the GREAT!



The broomsticks are
busy tonight! Come
carpet, hurry!



You're tearing up the master's orders!

Master's orders! I don't care! I'm tired of slaving for him!

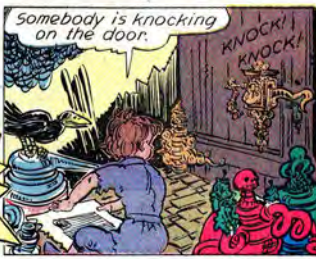


stop it! stop it! The master's magic book! He'll kill you!

I'll destroy his silly, long words of magic!



Listen to this dribble! OCLA-OCLA-ABACAZONI TETRA-TUTRA TUTACATONI!!



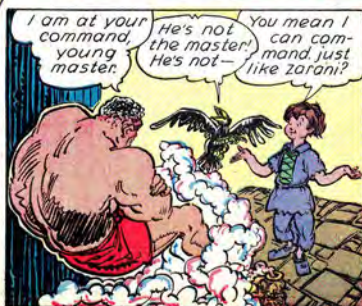
Somebody is knocking on the door.

KNOCK! KNOCK!



Here I am, master.

A b-b-bottle!



I am at your command, young master.

He's not the master! He's not—

You mean I can command just like zarani?

Yes, young master, you know the magic words.

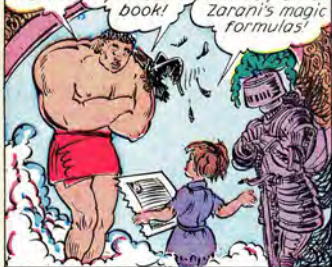
He does not! He just read them out of my master's book!

The book! Of course, NOW THAT I CAN READ, I can say all of Zarani's magic formulas!

Genie, my first command! Take this raving bird and put him into the bottle from which you came!

You mean I don't have to go back in the bottle myself any more?

CAW
CAW!
CAW
CAW!



No, you may stay with me!

Oh, thank you, thank you, young master!



There, Macbeth, at last I am rid of you. Have a good rest. I'll leave the top ajar so you can breathe.



Clear out the sorcerer's things, Genie, and put the castle back in the state it was when my father was still here.

It is done, young master.

Now, Genie, bring back to me my father and my mother.



My men and I were slain on the battlefield fighting the Turks. Now we are back home again. It is truly a miracle!

My baby, my little Gerald! It was twelve years ago today that I last held him in my arms. Twelve long years!



There was great rejoicing. Happiest of all was young Gerald. The castle was aglow with lights and merry laughter echoed from its turrets.



After everybody had finally gone to bed, Gerald sat reading Zarani's book, for he knew the sorcerer was to return the following night.

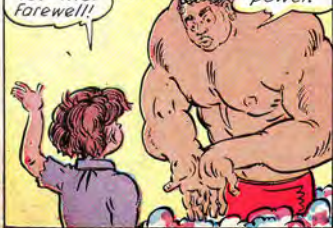


I have memorized it all, Genie. Zarani can have no more power over me. I hope I never have to serve him again, Sir Gerald. He was a cruel master.



Genie, I give you your freedom. I thank you for all you have done for me. Farewell!

Thank you, young master. I wish I could help you face Zarani, but it is beyond my power.



The morning sun! Somehow I feel I have not seen it for ever so long. Gerald! What is it? You look sad and distracted.

Father, I have a wish. Tonight will you keep everybody shut in their rooms, yourself too—no matter what you hear?





Night had fallen and every window of the castle was dark. Suddenly a shadow flitted across the waning moon. It was Zarani returning.



What is this? Who trimmed the vines that covered my castle? Who cleaned those windows?



What happened to the spiderwebs? Who dared touch my property? BOY! BOY! COME HERE!



Yes, old sorcerer, I am here.

What is the meaning of this? Did I give you orders to change things around? How dare you disobey my wishes?



Oh, twiddle twaddle! This is my castle, or rather 'tis my father's now

What? Are you out of your mind? Stick, stick, upon the wall—



Hit him, thrash him, beat him up. Break his bones and do not stop. Do not stop until he's DEAD! Did you hear what I just said?

It seems he didn't—master!

Maybe you'll let ME try, master.
Stick, stick, upon the wall,
Never mind Zarani's call;
Listen to MY words instead!
RAP ZARANI ON THE HEAD!



Stick, give him another whack,
Stop it now, jump on his back!



So you have betrayed me!
You have been reading my
magic book...For that
you shall suffer!

Careful,
Zarani!
Remember
the stick!



winds of blackness!
Thunderbolts of lightning!
Earthquakes of evil—I com-
mand you—destroy this
castle! Level it to the
ground!



They have not obeyed
me! My power is
gone! The boy has
broken the spell!

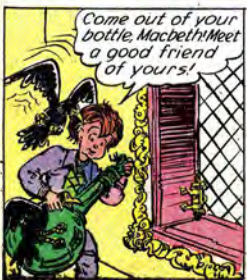
This is your
day of
reckoning,
Zarani!



Why, boy, what do you
mean? Didn't I always
treat you fair and
feed you well—
didn't I?

Let's see...What
shall I change
you into—an
old toad?









Why, you must believe in fairies, child. Just look about you here..



In the early-morning garden there is proof that they are near!



You remember how the flowers closed their buds in sleep last night.



It was fairies who awakened them as soon as it was light!

